



"Prompt to improve and to invite,  
"We blend instruction with delight."

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### POPULAR TALES.

"To virtue if these Tales persuade,  
"Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

#### CONCEALMENT.

BY MRS. HARRIET MUZZY.

'The wind blows terribly! grandfather,' exclaimed Gertrude Hastings as she leaned over his chair—'Yes, child, yes, but it will go down before sunset,' replied the old gentleman. Gertrude looked at her mother, who occupied a seat near them—the mother understood the look of silent inquiry, and answered it by saying 'yes my dear I hope so too.' 'And,' added the old gentleman, 'it blows fair for home, my little girl, so don't look so pale; I have been at sea in heavier gales than this is.' 'It is a perfect hurricane,' said Gertrude, without noticing her grandfather's intended consolation. 'But,' added she, sobbing violently, 'the wind, the storm, nothing is equal to this terrible uncertainty—this dreadful concealment. Oh mother! grandfather! why were you not more resolute; why did you listen to my foolish prayers; had we told my father *all*, he might have forgiven me—at worst he could but have killed me! and now I suffer worse than death in the constant dread of his discovering what he must eventually know.' 'Let not your excited feelings make you unjust, my dear child,' said Mrs. Hastings, clasping the cold hand of her daughter, 'for you well know he opposed your concealing the truth from your father, and strongly advised us to meet his anger at once.' 'True mother, true! and *you*—ah! you could not withstand my terrors and my tears. Ungrateful that I am! I have brought sorrow upon you all.' At this moment Gertrude saw her father approaching, and she fled to her chamber that he might not perceive the traces of her tears. During the evening Gertrude's father talked incessantly of the storm, and several times declared his opinion that no vessel could make the harbour in such a gale—then observing the anxious countenance of his wife and father, the pallid looks of Gertrude, and their silent abstraction, he upbraided

them with rendering his home comfortless, and his hours of relaxation gloomy and unsocial. 'Oh! if I dare tell him all,' sighed Gertrude, as she retired to her sleepless pillow; 'if he could know my regrets, my terrible suspense, he would perhaps pity me,—surely he would not then upbraid me!' The next morning the newspaper was laid, as usual upon the table, and Mr. Hastings, as was his custom, read its contents while he drank his coffee. 'The ship Union is supposed to be lost,' he remarked, 'coming from Madeira—most of the crew and all of the passengers—poor fellows! I said no ship could make the harbor: What's the matter with Gertrude! child! child!—Good heavens! *was* that cursed Henry Spencer in the ship Union?' Gertrude had fallen from her chair before her mother could catch her; they applied restoratives, but the unhappy girl showed no signs of life. Meantime, Mr. Hastings strode about the room, muttering to himself, 'Yes! it's too plain—she thinks he was in the ship—she can't root him out of her heart, though I forbade him the house—forbade her to think of him—the viper! to steal into my house to rob me of my child—to kill her—the only thing that's left me after his base father had destroyed my fortune and made me a beggar! the disobedient girl! the ungrateful child!' 'Son! son!' said Gertrude's venerable grandfather, laying his shrivelled hand upon her father's arm, 'do not give way to anger against your helpless child! her heart has received a sore blow—perhaps a mortal one—forgive her my son, as you shall hope to be forgiven!'—'Can we control and crush our affections?' said the wife, as she looked imploringly in her husband's face—'forgive our child, pity and console her, my dear husband! see she revives—should we lose our child through grief, what can console us!' The stern father was moved—he went up to Gertrude and kissed her pale forehead. 'Revive my child,' he said, 'your father pities you; yes Gertrude, I forgive you, even if I guess aright the cause of your distress.' 'Death closes all accounts,' said he as if in excuse to himself, as he turned away from

her—'if he is gone I forgive him too—he can trouble me no more!' Gertrude was conveyed to her bed, to which a raging fever and delirium confined her for many weeks, and when the unhappy parents had lost all hope of her recovery, when the father's heart was softened by the situation of his only child, her mother, with trembling and with tears, confessed to him the secret so long concealed that Gertrude was the wife of Henry Spencer. This was no time for upbraiding, the resentment of the father was lost in grief, and while he wept over his insensible child, he forgave her and repented his own inexorable resentment towards her lover.

The father of Henry Spencer was concerned with Mr. Hastings in extensive mercantile transactions; residing in the Island of Madeira, he sent his only son to be bred up to the same business in the house of his friend Mr. Hastings. An attachment sprung up between the youth and the daughter of his father's friend, which as it received no opposition, soon grew to a deep-rooted affection, for the beauty of Gertrude was her least attraction, and daily and unrestrained intercourse showed to the young lover a pure and cultivated mind, and a disposition almost faultless. Gertrude was the darling of her grandfather, who delighted in the prospect of her union with Henry Spencer, for whom he had conceived an almost parental regard. The venerable old man had given up the whole of his property to his son, in whose house he resided, a cherished and respected inmate. Henry Spencer, enjoyed the unlimited confidence of his principal, for whom he had several times gone to Madeira with property to a large amount, consigned to his father, with whom Mr. Hastings had become engaged in extensive speculations. The latter being called by business to a distant state, the union of Gertrude and Henry which was fixed on, was delayed until his return, which was daily expected, when intelligence arrived from Madeira of the sudden illness of Henry's father.—As there were other accounts also of an alarming nature which determined the young man to set sail immediately, without awaiting the return of Mr. Hastings, which was delayed beyond the expected time, he implored Gertrude to become his wife previous to his departure. Gertrude's fond heart seconded his petition, for she dreaded a lengthened separation might be the consequence, should his father's illness prove fatal, and she determined to accompany her Henry in his voyage. Their united appeals won over the hearts of Gertrude's mother and grandfather, and the marriage took place—but the ceremony being private, was known only to the family, and two days after its completion Mr. Hastings returned. His first appearance convinced his family that something of an unpleasant nature had accelerated his return, and, from an undefinable dread, Mrs. Hastings forbore, in the first moment of this meeting, to inform him of the event that had taken place, or of the intelli-

gence which had accelerated it. She soon learned, however that he was more fully informed than herself of the intelligence received from Madeira—rumors were afloat that Mr. Spencer was suddenly a bankrupt and his own property was consequently lost in the wreck. Suspicions had been infused into Mr. Hastings' mind that there had been fraudulent proceedings towards himself, and Henry Spencer who was privy to, and assistant in, all his transactions with his father, must be accessory to this plot, for such it appeared to the irritated and nearly ruined man. Naturally of an irascible temper which his good sense however generally kept in tolerable subjection, Mr. Hastings gave way to the violence of his feelings, which circumstances seemed in some degree to warrant; he accused Henry of being privy to his father's nefarious schemes—of stinging the bosom that had received him into his sanctuary, and of being traitor to his friend. Henry at first remonstrated, denied, and endeavoured to explain. Mr. Hastings was deaf to his words, and his anger inflamed by opposition, for his wife and father ventured to rebuke his violence, his language became intemperate in the extreme. Henry retorted with spirit, and required Mr. Hastings to recall his injurious aspersions; this the latter considered as adding insult to injury—he considered Henry's intention of sailing immediately for Maderia as proof of his share in the transaction, and a scheme to evade an union with the daughter of the friend he had been instrumental in ruining. Henry at this juncture was only restrained from proclaiming their marriage, by his promise to Gertrude, who on the first demonstration of her father's anger and suspicions, had flown to him, and conjured him to defer the intelligence to a calmer moment—her mother's intreaties seconded those of the half frantic Gertrude, and their united prayers prevailed on the old man, fearless in integrity, from avowing the truth. Mr. Hastings forbade Henry longer to pollute his dwelling by his presence, solemnly recalled his consent to his marriage with his daughter, and threatened her with his malediction should she think of him as a husband. Henry felt that appearances were against him—the nature of his father's transactions with Mr. Hastings, scarcely admitting a possibility of his exculpating himself. Yet the injurious epithets and intemperate language of Mr. Hastings roused his indignation, and unable to obtain a hearing, he left the house, torn by conflicting emotions. His love for Gertrude, however, and pity for her distress, induced him again to seek an explanation with her exasperated father, which only led to further violence. A secret meeting with Gertrude was detected by her father, who forgetting his parental fondness in her apparent disobedience, confined her to her chamber.

Henry found means of conveying a letter to her, in which he enjoined her to preserve the



secret of their marriage, until he could clear himself from the aspersions thrown upon his character, promising to return as soon as he should have obtained the means of vindicating himself, and claim her as his wife, assuring her that he was the less averse to secrecy for the present, knowing that a scene of confusion, perplexity, and perhaps a father's death bed, awaited him in Madeira. Mr Hastings showed no symptoms of relenting in his decree, and Gertrude suffered her husband to depart without declaring their marriage. The result of the investigation which Mr Hastings set on foot, relative to the transactions in Madeira, threw no light upon the subject of Henry's innocence. He was nearly ruined by Mr. Spencer's failure, and his agents transmitted accounts no way favourable to his former partner, who had died, leaving his affairs in a state of derangement. He would never suffer Henry Spencer's name to be mentioned in his presence, and was become an altered man in every respect; reduced from a state of affluence to one of comparative poverty—deceived and ruined by the friends he had trusted, and conscious that his child's happiness was wrecked; he brooded with gloomy misanthropy over his wrongs and nursed the flame of resentment 'till it became a part of himself. Gertrude and her mother watched and wished for the moment to arrive, when the secret of her marriage might be disclosed. That moment never came. Fear had grown into habitual dread, and they trembled in the presence of the husband and the father. The elder Mr. Hastings, whose frame and faculties were enfeebled by age and sorrow, could only sooth his darling Gertrude with a hope that all might yet be well, but he dared not encounter the resentment and reproaches of his son, and concealment preyed like a cankerworm upon the hearts of all. The letters which Gertrude privately received from Henry had of late assumed a cheerful character. He spoke of returning to claim his bride, of being able to regain her father's good opinion, and of making some restitution for his losses. His last letter had informed her that he should sail in the ship *Union*, for America. The force of expectation, hope, fear, and lastly, the agony of suspense, had kept Gertrude in a state of excitement. She knew by the papers, that the ship had sailed from Madeira. Was her Henry on board? would her father be reconciled to him? should they meet again to part no more? These thoughts occupied her whole soul, and when her father read the fatal paragraph which announced the loss of the ship in which Henry was to sail, and that the crew and passengers had perished, no wonder that the shock nearly destroyed her. 'Had I known she was his wife,' sighed Mr. Hastings, as he leaned over his daughter's pillow and kissed her burning cheek, 'had I known she was his wife, I could have pitied her, I could not have banished him in anger—I would have listened to his

protestations of innocence. I would have tried to believe them true; but this concealment, caused by my own violence, has destroyed my child!' 'It may yet be possible,' said Mrs. Hastings 'that our child may be spared to us; nay it is possible, that Henry Spencer did not sail in the ship as he intended, will you then?' 'I will forgive them both—I will receive him as my son; his return would prove him innocent. Oh, Gertrude, my child, live for your poor father's sake.' Gertrude opened her eyes, and looked upon her father. She had been in a long deep sleep which they feared would be her last, but it was the crisis of her disorder, and the worst was past. Slowly she recovered almost unwilling to return to life, since deprived of the hope which had sustained her in her sorrow. But youth, beauty, and sweetness, were not then to fall a victim to one involuntary error. The necessity of concealment was now past, and Gertrude could converse with her softened father, of Henry, of his innocence, and weep for his supposed death. Gertrude sat at the breakfast table for the first time since the fatal morning when the death blow was given to her hopes. Ship news had been carefully avoided since that eventful paragraph, but an old lady, a visitor, took up the newspaper, and read, after several others, (for she expected a nephew from the sea,) the following arrival, 'The *brig Union*, from Madeira, &c. passengers, Henry Spencer,' the cup fell from Gertrude's hand, but she did not then faint; though unable to articulate, she clasped her hands in a transport of grateful rapture, and sunk upon her knees in pious thanksgiving. 'You will not retract your promise, dearest father,' exclaimed Gertrude, when recovered from the first transport of joy, she hung about her father's neck, 'you will forgive my Henry!' 'Yes, Gertrude, yes my child, even if he was guilty, I forgive him for your sake, and in gratitude to heaven that has spared you to my prayers!' But Henry was not guilty; he arrived that day, with full proofs of his innocence, wrung from the guilty agents whom his father had weakly and neglectfully trusted. And Gertrude was as proud of his acquittal, as she was happy in her love. 'It was a mistake, my Gertrude,' said Henry, in reply to her enquiries, 'I meant to have written the *Brig Union*. Your father could soon have ascertained the fact of my not being in the ship, had we confessed our secret, and thus ensured his sympathy. Let us thank Heaven, that no worse consequences have arisen from our concealment.'

He that follows his recreation instead of his business, shall in a little time have no business to follow.

Be not tempted to purchase any unnecessary article by its apparent cheapness.

Keep a minute account of every outlay, however trifling.

## BIOGRAPHY.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

### MRS. MARY E. BROOKS.

MARY ELIZABETH AIKIN, eldest daughter of the late John Aikin, of Dutchess county, was born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., the capital of that county, as near as we can learn, about the year 1807. Her father, who was descended from an ancient Scottish family, after passing with great credit his elementary studies, entered Yale college, where he graduated in 1798; and as a reward for his scholastic attainments, was elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa. On leaving college, Mr. Aikin commenced the study of law, in which profession, his talents, his industry, and his courteous demeanor, soon elevated him to the head of the bar in Dutchess county. He was a partner of Stephen Hoyt, esq. who is now a resident of this city. Mr. Aikin lived esteemed and respected, and died several years ago, deeply regretted, and his memory is still cherished by a large portion of his native state. In early life, Mr. Aikin married Miss Cooke, daughter of the late Mr. Cooke, of Fishkill, Dutchess county, N. Y., a gentleman farmer, of large property. In those days a gentleman farmer was as proud a title as a baron of the olden time. Mr. Cooke was liberal and kind-hearted even to a fault; the oldest and proudest families in the state still remember his hospitable mansion, and the late Colonel De Veaux used to call him 'the only hospitable man in Dutchess county.' During the revolutionary war, Mr. Cooke was a staunch tory. He was an advocate of the royal cause; and to the last hour of his life, many years after our national independence was achieved, he never omitted a day, to pray for king George III. His daughter, Mrs. Aikin, now resides in Gorham, Ontario county, N. Y. Her family consists of Mary Elizabeth, the subject of this sketch; William, who has just been admitted to the practice of medicine at Gorham, and Sarah, whose writings, under the signature of HINDA, have been so universally admired.

Of the early history of Mrs. Brooks, we know little or nothing. There is, we presume, little to know. Her infantine years were doubtless passed, as the days of childhood are generally passed by those of her sex—in study and seclusion. At a very early age, as we have been informed, Mrs. Brooks evinced a great partiality for reading, especially books of poetry, and every amusement of infancy was neglected to pore over 'the songs of other years.' At what age she commenced 'the rhyming mood,' we have not been informed. The first production of her muse which she considered worthy of publication—and which came under the review of the writer of this—was a beautiful poem, entitled '*A Romance*,' which appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, on

the 19th of August, 1826, under the signature of NORNÄ. Anonymous as it was, its great poetic beauty called forth from the editor a warm eulogium. On the twenty-sixth of the same month, another poem, entitled '*Histories*,' was also published; and week after week she continued to contribute to that paper. Her writings daily improved in sweetness and in beauty, and the productions of her genius elicited much applause. Though many enquiries were made to discover the author's name, still none but her sister HINDA, was privy to her secret, till long after her signature became distinguished, when by a chance, unnecessary to relate here, her name became revealed to the editor and one or two of his most intimate friends. She still continued a constant contributor to the *Literary Gazette*, and after its discontinuance, to the *Morning Courier*. Her poetry, as beautiful and varied as her own fancy thoughts, was extensively copied throughout the Union, and nearly every paper, of literary reputation, joined with the *Morning Courier*, in awarding to NORNÄ almost unbounded applause, for her numerous and elegant productions.

On the twenty-third of January, 1829, Mary Elizabeth Aikin was married, in New York, to James G. Brooks—a writer as universally known as he is highly appreciated. We need not pass a comment upon his writings here; for in the *Lives of the Poets*, published with portraits in the *Mirror* of the twenty-sixth of January, 1828, Mr. Brooks's likeness and name bore a conspicuous place. He was one of the original founders and editors of the *Morning Courier*, from which journal he voluntarily retired soon after its junction with the *Enquirer*, and is now to be senior editor of the *Daily Sentinel*, a paper on the eve of appearing in this city. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, shortly after their marriage, published a volume of poetry, entitled '*The Rivals of Este and other poems*.' The *Rivals of Este*, from which the book takes its title, with many minor poems, occupying one hundred and twenty-seven pages, are from the pen of Mrs. Brooks: a poem, entitled *Genius*, with many minor productions, most of which were published several years ago, under the signature of Florio, are from the pen of Mr. Brooks, and occupy the remainder of the volume.

Since the publication of that volume, Mrs. Brooks has written much, and many of her productions have been published in the daily papers of this city.

In this place we deem it fitting to give a short sketch of Mrs. Brooks's studies and accomplishments, since she appeared before the world as a poetess, and also to express our estimate of her genius.

Of unobtrusive and retired habits, Mrs. Brooks delights more in the seclusion of her study, than in seeking display or admiration in the busy rounds of society. Her time is passed in improving her mind, and in giving the



forms of things unknown, a shape, a local habitation, and a name. It is natural to suppose that the congeniality between her mind and that of her husband, makes her delight in the eagle-soarings of the muse, and she indulges her mood in strains that continue to charm every one capable of admiring the flowers of poesy. We understand that since she wrote the *Rivals of Este*, and *La Verna*, the two longest productions before the public, she has completed one or two other poems of length, and in proper time will doubtless give them to the world.

Notwithstanding the time that Mrs. Brooks devotes to her favourite pursuit, she still finds leisure to improve herself in the graver, as well as in the lighter studies and accomplishments of a lady. She is a proficient in the French and Latin languages; she is thoroughly versed in music, and touches the piano with science, taste, and skill; her paintings (in water colours) of landscapes and flowers have claimed much admiration—and her deep knowledge of botany, has enabled her, by her own pencil, to arrange the rarest and most beautiful flowers in a large volume to which she has given an appropriate title.

Her course of general reading has been extensive. She delights more in history, travels, biography, and poetry, than in the imaginative novel or romance; in one word, from what we have heard, and from what we know, we are convinced that there is not in the city, nay, in the Union, a lady of her age, who better deserves the title of scholar, than Mrs. Brooks. We admire her the more for her attainments because she is free from a *bluish tinge*; she never aims at a display of knowledge, and even those most intimately acquainted with her never hear from her lips a word breathed of her own productions.

Before we pronounce any one a poet, we should first know what constitutes poetry—this is perhaps a truism—there are few who do not feel the charm of poetry, but who can give a proper definition? We have read many, but none correspond with our estimate. Burke has given it the most poetical; he says, 'poetry is the art of substantiating shadows and lending existence to nothing.' We would define it thus: poetry is a description of animated or external nature, told in figurative, impassioned, yet natural language: rhyme is an attribute, not an essential of poetry. Let either of these definitions be correct, Mrs. Brooks is a poetess. There is a delicacy of feeling, a refinement of sentiment, a deep and impassioned tone, in all her writings, that denote a mind full-fraught with poesy. In her style there is no redundancy, no seeking of round about expressions for the sake of the rhyme, and her rhythm flows 'as regular as rolling water'; her thoughts breathe, as it were, spontaneously, like the richest and rarest flowers that beautify the banks of Helicon. There is a splendor in the drapery

with which she adorns her pictures—an ease, a felicity of touch, and a skilful blending of light and shade; yet the drapery, the touch, and the colouring, sometimes render her un-mindful of the theme, which is thereby occasionally wrapped in obscurity, and makes the reader anxious to move aside the gorgeous folds, so much is he charmed by the glimpses he obtains of the story.

Her thoughts partake more of a metaphysical than a descriptive character; she indulges not so much in the portraiture of external nature as in the delineation of human passions. Her description of pride, revenge, ambition, love, and hate, are strongly drawn; and in these more, perhaps, than in any other of the passions, she has indulged. For one of her years, it is a matter of wonder that she has been able to strike with so much force and skill many of the most secret chords of the heart.

Though she has not indulged much in description, yet her similes are often drawn from the field and the forest; and the taste and beauty with which she has used them, to illustrate and adorn her writings, mark hers a mind of uncommon force and vigour, and show that she has an eye for the bright and beautiful.

Mrs. Brooks's pictures of love are not in the mawkish and lack-a-daisical tone, so fashionable now-a-days, which is a great recommendation; in her lay they are breathed forth in a noble and dignified strain, such as becomes the holiness of the passion. The poetic character of this age is emphatically that of passion—description has tired, the pastoral no more delights, and the elegiac is too grave. The hundreds of poetasters who have sprouted up in this country as well as in England, describe passion, not as it is in nature, but as they see it through the medium of their jaundiced sight, or as they judge of it with their morbid feelings. In this class we rank Miss Landon. With some few bright exceptions, this is the age of the affectation of passion, not of passion's genuine self—and in the exceptions we embrace Mrs. Hemans and Mrs. Brooks.

In many of her poems, Mrs. Brooks has shown a strength and nerve beyond the usual power of her sex; her pictures of blood and battle are sometimes startling, from their vividness, their force and truth; in short she has written many passages that the brightest of the train of song might be proud to acknowledge; yet again, in others, she has shown a feebleness that, compared with herself, is unworthy of her muse. Her faults, and they are principally to be found in the writings that preceded the publication of the *Rivals of Este*, are a carelessness of construction and an inelegance of style, a too frequent use of adjectives and adverbs to qualify her nouns and verbs, which leads us to believe that she was in the habit of writing rapidly, and bestowing no labour afterwards in revision or

correction. These faults, however, have, with a few exceptions, been avoided in her later productions. We may apply to her mind her own beautiful couplet:

\* Sparkling as ocean wave; yet deep  
As things beneath its surface sleep.

We may add here, that her poems have been copied extensively in England; and the applause with which they have been received by English critics has even exceeded the approbation bestowed upon them in her native land. More than one of the first poets in England have written to this country their exalted opinion of her genius. Several of her songs, too, have been set to music; and we believe there are few ladies who will not find on their pianos the beautiful song of '*O come, my love, along the sea*;' the melody is by Norton.

Thus far we have regarded Mrs. Brooks only as a poetess; but she has written many beautiful sketches in prose; these were principally published in the *Morning Courier*, under the signature of N—a. They claimed much admiration, and like her poetry, were extensively copied. We remember them as bright, fanciful, and racy compositions, but not being before us in a tangible shape, we are unable to speak of them more critically. This subject, interesting to us, as doubtless it will be to our readers, has already occupied so much space, that we are unable to give extracts as copious as we could wish, to prove the correctness of our verdict—to show that our praise does not exceed her merit—but we shall find room for a few passages.

As a specimen of the sublime, a quality seldom seen in poetry at the present day, the following Hebrew melody equals the best of Byron's or Moore's:

*Jeremiah, x. 17.*

From the halls of our fathers in anguish we fled,  
Nor again will its marble re-echo our tread;  
For a breath like the siroc has blasted our name,  
And the frown of Jehovah has crushed us in shame.  
His robe was the whirlwind, his voice was the thunder,  
And earth at his footstep was riven asunder;  
The mantle of midnight had shrouded the sky,  
But we knew where He stood by the flash of his eye.  
Oh, Judah! how long must thy weary ones weep,  
Far, far from the land where their forefathers sleep;  
How long ere the glory that brightened the mountain  
Will welcome the exile to Siloa's fountain?

To support our position, that she has shown a strength and nerve beyond the usual power of her sex, we quote the two following verses from one of her minor poems:

Rush on, rush on, thou fathomless, thou deep and tameless flood,  
Thou gush of passions, hopes, and fears, rush on to ill or good;  
Fain would I woo the apathy, more icy than the chain  
That only slings its fetters o'er the surface of the main.  
But no; go ask the torrent why it holds its fierce career,  
Ask the red bolt that cleaves the sky, what points its pathway here;  
Then ask that chainless tide of heart, in its first gush warm and free,  
What sweeps its wild and wayward course to the wave of Eternity.

To the third stanza of '*The Rivals of Este*,' which gives a fanciful description of Italy, we refer, for the beauty of her colouring and the felicity of her touch. We recommend our readers to the volume; we have no room to copy it.

The description of the fight between Este and his rival, is in forcible and impassioned language; it is a picture of blood and battle.

Yet see! what sabre sweeps before him,  
What eye of fire is flashing o'er him?  
Borne on the fury of the fight,  
With hostile front they near unite—  
It was the grapple fierce and strong,  
Of deep and unforgiven wrong;  
The clasp of injury and hate,  
Above the ruins they create;  
With arm to arm, and breast to breast,  
Unyielding, motionless they rest—  
But frowning brow, and swelling vein,  
The close, more close, convulsive strain;  
The lip compressed, the gathering glow  
Told struggle, desperate below—  
Nor shout, nor shriek, nor taunting word,  
Nor curse, nor agony was heard;  
Till wavering, reeling to and fro,  
Together bound, down, down they go,  
Headlong upon the ground below,  
More furious grew the combat then,  
As either strove to rise again;  
The sabre steel flashed quick between,  
Skillful to fathom or to screen;  
Till false for once—and from the side  
Of Este gushed the crimson tide.  
'Now yield!'

'No, never!'—Este said—

And as the sullen words he sped,  
His nerveless hand essayed to grasp  
The steel that trembled in his clasp.

The following is a beautiful and pathetic passage; it is spoken by the love-sick nun in *La Verna*:

My life has been one fevered sweep  
Of passion o'er my soul;  
While phantoms in that sullen keep,  
Uproused them from their fitful sleep,  
And reason's stern control;  
Yet chide me not; *the wildest wave*  
*Finds in the ocean depths a grave,*  
Perchance it sought before;  
And Time as fierce a flood will see  
Slumber in voiceless apathy;  
Peace to the torrent o'er!  
I look upon the days gone by,  
And thought is weariness;  
They brought for me nor smile nor sigh,  
But one intensest agony  
Hath stolen their power to bless;  
For aye was phrenzy in the dream,  
For ever burning in the beam!  
Father, we parted! he, to wrong  
The heart that loved so well, so long;  
And I, in holy shades to rear  
A pang; at last it triumphs here.

The following is one of the many poems which have appeared in the daily papers, since this volume was published. It will appeal forcibly to many a heart:

STANZAS.

'Thou too art gone, thou loved and lovely one.'—BYRON.

I trod my own bright home last night;  
The breeze was fresh, the flowret fair;  
All stood enwrapped in fairy light—  
Thou wast not there.



Soft woke my childhood's careless chord,  
And wreaths we did together twine,  
And deep, sweet murmuring voices poured—  
All, all but *thee*.

The merry lights flashed sunshine then,  
And hearts were there in primal glee;  
I heard the thrilling notes again,  
And turned for *thee*.

There gushed the stream, there blushed the grove,  
All bright affection's hallowed spot,  
And bound with thousand links of love—  
But *thou* wast not.

Oh, parted far! yet fancy's chain  
Clings close through many a cloud and care;  
And when my night home wakes again,  
Oh meet me there!

We cannot find further space for extracts of length; we shall now content ourselves with a few detached thoughts, selected from her volume—they are sparkling gems.

'He stood, the only thing of breath.'

'Breathless as fond affection keeps  
'Her silent watch where childhood sleeps.'

'Many a bright and laughing morrow,  
'Cradling in the sigh of sorrow.'

'Scarcely one light echo woke to sound.'

'And steps as light as music fall  
'To catch the voice of love.'

'It comes, when summer skies are bright,  
'On the laugh of the morning breeze.'

'And eyes are dim, and furrows now  
'Have cradled many a care;

'And lights flash sunshine on the brow,  
'To wake but shadows there.'

'Come when the ocean wave, fiercely driven,  
'Meets the red bolt ere launched from its heaven.'

'So still, and pale, and beautiful,  
'Even as the visioned phantasy'

'Crossing the weary heart to cull  
'A poppy wreath for memory.'

'Life is for me a broken tone.'

Without much pains we might go on and multiply such passages of surpassing beauty, till the taste pall with very richness; but we desist, recommending, in the strongest terms, those who have not yet read Mrs. Brooks's poems to hasten to the mental banquet which she has spread for them. L.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,  
"In pleasure seek for something new."

### SLANDER.

He who can choke the sweetest flowers of social love, and taint them with disease—and in the paradise of earthly bliss where the plants of virtue flourish, spread the blight and mildew of desolation, hatred and distrust—who can crush his neighbour's fame to dust and build upon its ruins—who can write infamy upon the brow of others to prove his purity—is neither man nor beast—but a heartless fiend.

Those who have seen their dearest interests tampered with—those who have known what it is to have the priceless gem of a good name sullied by the poisonous breath of cold, un pitying slander—these best can say that *he* has no

heart. If the lightning's flash ever darts from heaven to strike the guilty down, it will blast the hopes of murderers such as these.—*N. Y. Amulet.*

Begin life with the least show and the least expense possible; you may at pleasure increase both, but you cannot easily diminish them. Do not think your estate your own, while any man can call upon you for money and you cannot pay, therefore begin with timorous parsimony. Let it be your first care to be in no man's debt. Resolve not to be poor, *whatever you have, spend less*. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness, it certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable, and others extremely difficult.

The clergyman of a village in Liecestershire desired his clerk to give notice that there would be no service in the afternoon, as he was going to officiate for another clergyman. The clerk, immediately as the sermon was ended, rising up, called out, 'I am desired to give notice that there will be no service this afternoon, as Mr. L.— is going a fishing with another clergyman.' Mr. L. of course corrected the awkward, yet amusing blunder.

### RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1830.

The length of the biographical sketch, from the 'New-York Mirror,' with which we this week present our readers, necessarily excludes that agreeable variety with which it has generally been our aim to diversify our pages; but we flatter ourselves that the interest and beauty of the article will be considered as ample compensation for any deficiency that may be discovered in that respect, and preclude the necessity of farther apology.

### MARRIED.

In this city, on the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Cook, Mr. Gershom Olds to Mrs. Sabrina Olcott.

On Thursday the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stebbins, Mr. Solomon Phillips to Miss Caroline Doan, daughter of Mr. Archibald Doan, all of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sickles, Mr. Jacob A. Vosburgh to Miss Ann Maria Mandeville, both of the town of Ghent.

In Livingston, on the 20th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Holmes, Mr. Henry I. Hermance to Miss Eliza Fonda, both of that place.

At Claverack, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. Richard Sluyter, Mr. John A. Labagh, of the city of New-York, to Miss Harriet Frances, daughter of the late Benjamin Moore, deceased.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sluyter, Mr. Jeremiah M. Williams to Miss Ann Maria Gephard, grand daughter of the late Rev. John G. Gephard, all of Claverack.

### DIED.

In this city on the 12th inst. Mr. Peter Barnard, aged 84 years.

On the 13th inst. Mr. George Best, aged 22 years.

On the 14th inst. Capt. George Ameigh, aged 73.

On Saturday the 20th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Stocking, in the 72d year of her age, relict of the late Samuel Stocking.

On Sunday last, Mr. Joseph Jenkins, aged 77 years.



## POETRY.

### FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. ON SOLITUDE.

Oh! for some lonely dwelling place  
Far from the haunts of men;  
Where I might pass life's fleeting days,  
Forgotten and unseen.  
A cell, or cave by nature form'd,  
On some rude mountain's brow,  
Blest with one friend, no more I'd ask,  
While wand'ring here below.  
With that dear friend, how sweet to stray  
Along the winding stream,  
As it is hastening to the main,  
Beneath mild Cynthia's beam.  
Or in some shady grove reclin'd,  
Far, far from noise and strife,  
Like the sweet stream to glide in peace,  
Down to the verge of life.  
No prowling beast—no cruel bird,  
No reptile should be there,  
But innocence, and joy, and love,  
Reign undisturb'd by care.

EVELINE.

### THE FIRST GRAVE.

BY MISS L. E. LONDON.

[We are indebted for the following pathetic little poem, to the circumstance of the first grave being formed in the church yard of the new church at Brompton: the place was recently a garden, and some of the flowers yet show themselves among the grass, where this one tenant, the forerunner of its population, has taken up his last abode.]

A single grave!—the only one  
In this unbroken ground,  
Where yet the garden leaf and flower,  
Are lingering around.  
A single grave!—my heart has felt,  
How utterly alone!  
In crowded halls, where breathed for me  
Not one familiar one;—  
The shade where forest trees shut out  
All but the distant sky;  
I've felt the loneliness of night  
When the dark winds pass by;—  
My pulse has quickened with its awe,  
My lip has gasped for breath,  
But what were they to such as this—  
The solitude of death!  
A single grave!—we half forget  
How sunder human ties,  
When round the silent place of rest  
A gathered kindred lies.  
We stand beneath the haunted yew,  
And watch each quiet tomb;  
And in the ancient church-yard feel  
Solemnity, not gloom.  
The place is purified with hope,  
The hope that is of prayer;  
And human love and heavenward thought,  
And pious faith are there.  
The wild flowers spring amid the grass;  
And many a stone appears,  
Carved by affection's memory,  
Wet with affection's tears.

The golden chord which binds us all  
Is loosed, not rent in twain;  
And love, and hope, and fear unite  
To bring the past again.

But *this* grave is so desolate,  
With no remembering stone,  
No fellow-graves for sympathy—  
'Tis utterly alone.

I do not know who sleeps beneath,  
His history or name—  
Whether, if lonely in his life,  
He was in death the same;  
Whether he died unloved, unmourned,  
The last leaf on the bough;  
Or if some desolated hearth  
Is weeping for him now.

Perhaps this is too fanciful:  
Though single be his sod,  
Yet not the less it has around  
The presence of his God.

It may be weakness of the heart,  
But yet its kindest, best;  
Better if in our selfish world  
It could be less repress.

Those gentler charities which draw  
Man closer with his kind—  
Those sweet humanities which make  
The music which they find.

How many a bitter word 'twould hush—  
How many a pang 'twould save,  
If life more precious held those ties  
Which sanctify the grave!

## ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,  
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

*Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.*

### PUZZLE I.

Friend, lay aside thy bow and fiddle  
And I will solve my little riddle:  
You eager ask what am poor I?  
Indeed I'm nothing but—a sigh!

PUZZLE II.—Painting.

### NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Ever eating, never cloying,  
All devouring, all destroying,  
Never finding full repast  
Till I eat the world at last.

II.

While I am writing this, I am thinking of some-  
thing which you are now thinking of. What is that  
thing?

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